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Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

A Live Home Journal—Notable Change.

Last October, *Heath and Home* passed into the hands of Messrs. ORANGE JUDG & Co., of 245 Broadway, New York, the well known publishers of the *American Agriculturist*—a journal long without a rival in sterling value and circulation. The marked improvements then expected to appear in *Heath and Home* have been fully realized, and it is now one of the choicest illustrated journals anywhere issued for the family circle—adapted to both the juvenile and adult people, and meeting the special wants of the housekeeper. Besides it supplies very useful chapters for the garden and farm, and an important news sheet, giving a valuable resume of the news for a week, up to the moment of issue. From \$500 to \$800 worth of very fine engravings beautify each weekly number. We notice now a still further mark of enterprise on the part of the publishers; they have secured the exclusive editorial service of EDWARD EGLESTON, so widely and favorably known by his writings in *Scribner's Monthly*, and many other Magazines and Journals, and especially as the chief supervising Editor of the *New York Independent* for some time past. With this notable addition to the previously large and strong editorial force, *HEATH AND HOME* can not fail to merit and command a prominent place in every household, in city, village, and country. Specimen copies can doubtless be obtained of the publishers, as above. Terms only \$3 a year. Single numbers 8 cents. *Heath and Home* and *American Agriculturist* together, \$4 a year. Better add one or both of them to your supply of reading; they are each worth infinitely more than the small cost.

Wood's Household Magazine for August, continues to demonstrate the wonderful success which has attended this periodical during the past four years. Its motto seems to be: "How Much for How Little?" For there is no other Magazine in the world, which gives so much for so little money. James Parton, Phoebe Cary, Dr. Dio Lewis, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, Dr. W. W. Hall and Gail Hamilton are regular contributors. Among its occasional contributors are Harriet Beecher Stowe, Horace Greeley, Brick Pomroy, Mary Clemmer Ames, Joel T. Headley and John G. Saxe.

The publishers have not only procured the very best literary talent, but they have secured such a variety and adaptation of matter as make it a general favorite among all classes. It blends amusement with instruction in a way to enlighten the understanding and develop the affections; and its monthly visits are welcomed alike by the young, the middle-aged and the old.

We would advise every one of our subscribers to at once address the publishers, S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y., who will mail three months' numbers of the Magazine free to every person who shall furnish his address.

The locusts are making night hideous in the vicinity of Maquoketa and Iowa City. The forest is full of them, and their number is daily increasing, while, of course, their ravages upon the foliage of the trees is fearful. It is said that their constant noise is so great that the farmers of the localities where they most abound cannot hear the cowbells of their cattle grazing among the timber.

A joyous damsel rushed into a citizen's arms at Savannah, exclaiming, "Oh, you are my long-lost brother!" She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed off in a confused manner, accompanied by her long lost brother's pocket book.

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, Proprietor.

Established December 15th, 1850.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1871.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 29.

Columbia and Fayetteville Railroad.

From the Columbia Herald.

Pursuant to call a large and enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Maury county convened at the court-house, last Monday, Hon. James H. Thomas, presiding. The meeting was opened by Hon. James H. Thomas, with a telling, convincing, and comprehensive speech, showing that he fully understood the importance of the proposed railroad to the county of Maury. The cheapness of construction, and the saving of expense in running, together with the wealth of the country through which the contemplated road was to pass, all insured the success of the enterprise, beyond a doubt. A proposition has been submitted from responsible parties to build the road for \$8,000 per mile, and pay 6 per cent. interest on the stock, if the constructors were permitted to retain possession of the road, and all its equipments would be turned over to the stockholders in good repair, without further charge. He then showed how the through connect one to the North, East and South, would build up every point along the proposed road, and especially make Columbia, Lewisburg and Fayetteville, important trade centers, which would at once invite capitalists and tradesmen to locate among us, and carry on all the useful enterprises so much needed in the South; thereby giving us a home market for the small produce of the farmers, and thus accumulate money at home, which would greatly lessen taxation, besides making money plenty at all seasons of the year.

Mr. Thomas was then followed by Capt. S. W. Steele, who described the route, the cost per mile, showing why the road could be equipped for \$8,000 per mile by the contractors, who after paying 6 per cent. interest on the bonds, would have a handsome sum left for their trouble. This was done by comparing the length of road with the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and the Tennessee and Alabama Railroad, from 1866 to 1869; showing that from Nashville to Decatur, 122 miles, the aggregate population of the several counties was 166,000, with an aggregate landed wealth of \$98,000,000; while the distance to Fayetteville was but 43 1/2 miles, with an aggregate population of 82,000, and an aggregate landed wealth of \$47,500,000, thus giving to the Columbia and Fayetteville route a decided advantage as regards local trade. Taking the gross receipts of the N. and D. R. R. 1870, at \$463,252 50, and divided by three, and we have \$154,450 83. From which we deduct,

Less expenses	\$298,505.44
Less extraordinary expenses	\$14,709.00
Less extraordinary repairs, old engines and cars	\$30,000.00
Less rent of bridge at Decatur	6,000.00
Total	40,709.00

One-third of this, \$5,912.14, subtracted from \$154,450.83, leaving for Columbia and Fayetteville Railroad, net earnings, \$88,547.79; from which deduct 6 per cent. interest on \$360,000, \$21,600, leaving net profit, \$46,947.76, equal to 14 per cent. of the whole cost of the road.

There might have been a liberal deduction for difference of expense in running trains upon the narrow gauge road, over the wide, in the difference of the tonnage of cars. While the narrow gauge cars carry only 2 tons of dead freight in their cars to 4 tons of paying freight, the wide gauge carries generally 8 tons of dead freight for every 8 tons of paying freight; thus taking twice the locomotive power to carry its freight. Now if the locomotive power, \$100,888.10, be divided by 3 we have \$33,629.46, which divided by 2 leaves a balance added to Narrow Gauge of \$16,814.63, to be added to the above net profit, making \$63,762.47 total, which might be largely increased by examining the trains, and other expenses of wide gauge roads, where the saving might be even greater than shown above.

A comparison with the Louisville and Nashville R.R., or the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad.

As they were less damaged by the late war.

Take report of Tennessee and Alabama Railroad, 1869, shortly after the train had reached Columbia, and we have—
Gross receipts, \$127,052.82
Expenses, \$40,709.38
Net earnings, \$86,343.44
Length of road, 46 miles.
If this road had not cost but \$8,000 per mile, then \$368,000 divided by \$87,234.46, would give dividend of 23.710 per cent. But the cost of the 46 miles, \$439,256.87, is nearly four times the cost of the proposed road to Fayetteville, a distance of 43 1/2 miles, including side-tracks, &c., 45 miles.

Reports of Louisville R. R. Company, 1869-70, show that the local business alone will pay expenses, and a dividend of 8 per cent. to stockholders, having increased from \$303,000 for six months, when the road was opened, to \$932,000, for a similar period in 1869.

Taking the country through which the Columbia and Fayetteville Railroad would pass, and the connections to be made, and a fair estimate would be, the N. and D. R. R. (Report 1869), gross receipts, \$444,126 40.

Divided by three, equals \$148,042.13
Expenses, Tenn. & Ala. R. R. (Report 1869), \$40,709.38
Net earnings, \$107,332.75
6 per cent. interest on \$360,000, \$21,600.00
Net Profit, \$85,732.75

It was then proposed by Mr. Ed. Williams, and received the endorsement of many of the monied men of Maury county, that the bonds of the county be issued for \$350,000, and disposed of as follows:

Build a narrow gauge railroad from Columbia to the Marshall county line, 12 miles	\$96,000.00
Build narrow gauge road to Mt. Pleasant, 12 miles	70,000.00
Build narrow gauge road to Hickman county line, starting from Mt. Pleasant, railroad at Dobbin's Summit, 4 miles from Columbia, and run to the mouth of Poplar Creek via Mr. Ben. Harlan's and Nebo Church, crossing Duck River twice. Distance 15 miles	92,000.00
Build turnpike to Italy Hill, 24 miles	24,000.00
Complete "Santa Fe, 12 m.	8,000.00
" " Hampshire, 16 m.	16,000.00
" " Buckhorn, 12 m.	8,000.00
" " Spring Hill, 11 m.	5,500.00
" " Giles Co. line, 12 m.	5,500.00
Contingencies	\$30,000.00

Thus, at a dash, put the whole county in good order for business, contracts to be made in building the railroads so that they should pay at least 6 per cent. for the amount used in building the same; say the bonds were issued at 10 per cent. interest, to be redeemed in 30 years, or in 10, if called in, and that the railroads used \$250,000, then the interest would be:

At 10 per cent.	\$25,000.00
Less 6 per cent.	15,000.00
Difference added to Co. tax	\$10,000.00
30 per cent. interest on \$250,000 for turnpikes and contingencies	9,200.00
Total added to county tax for five years	\$49,200.00

At the end of which time the 34 1/2 miles of railroad ought to pay back each year to the county \$47,822.58, besides having been the means of making Columbia a city of 10,000 inhabitants and doubling the entire wealth of the county. They have secured through rates of freight and passage to her citizens to all the important points in the United States for all time to come.

A young lady of Louisville having received very urgent proposals of marriage from an old gentleman, sent the following answer by mail:

"Why should I be so complaisant? Why should I be so kind? Yet, though I could not vote your alliance, I would have been a willing bride. For 'tis a state I'll never disparage. Nor will I against waste: I do not see object to marriage. I but dislike to marry—age."

It is with a view to the fitness of things the Professor of Education at Brown's University is a woman. What a woman doesn't know about talking isn't worth learning.

Fragments of human beings blown into the air by steamboat explosion, are spoken of in Arkansas as "atmospheric phenomena."

Temple of The Deities.

MY OLD WOMAN AND I.

We have crossed the bridge, over the middle of life.
My old woman and I:
Taking our share in the calm and strife
Of the world, with the trifling passing by;
And though on our pathway, the shadows are rare,
There's a light in the western sky.
Some losses and crosses, of course, we've had,
But, bless you, I never found time to be sad.
My old woman and I:
We're both as good as dead.
We're both as good as dead, and we weren't so mad.
As to stop in our work to cry.

On our thinnable road as we journeyed along,
The kindly companions we met in the throng.
We made our lives like a vision fly;
And therefore the few that imagined us
Scarcely cost us a single sigh.

The weak and the weary we've striven to cheer,
My old woman and I:
For each of us thought that our duty was here.

When the reckoning day is nigh,
In the hope to exhibit a balance clear,
We'll be ready to meet our God,
And our old woman and I.

A Strange Woman.

About twenty miles from the Healing Springs in the Alleghany mountains, there lives a most remarkable woman. Her name is Morrison, but she is known all through the country as "Miss Jennie Bucker." She is about sixty years of age, has her hair bobbed like a man's, wears a man's hat, and rides astride. Hunting is her means of livelihood, and she kills deer, bear and other game with the skill of forty years experience. Not long since she shot a deer, but before coming up with it another hunter—a man—had gotten to it, and commenced carving it up. The old lady expostulated with no avail, and finally drew a bead on him with her rifle to enforce her "rights." The fellow jumped behind a tree, but left his heel exposed, at which vulnerable spot the old lady fired at and hit—She got her deer. She has nine or ten children, and is said to treat all travelers hospitably that stop at her cabin. She uses tobacco but never gets further in swearing than "by zounds," which is her favorite expression. If any woman wants her "rights," let her flee to the Alleghany Mountains.

A newly fledged Philadelphia doctor recently settled in Illinois, and the first case he had was a little boy, who while shelling popcorn got a kernel in his windpipe. The doctor examined the case carefully, looked at the patient's tongue, and then told the father of the boy to build up a hot fire. When that was done, the doctor told them to take the boy and hold him over the fire until the kernel got hot enough to "pop out." The old man went up stairs and got his shot gun, but while he was loading it the doctor made his escape.

The Chinese talk of sending missionaries to this country. One should be stationed at Long Branch at once, if anything is to be done in the way of improving the present administration.

A newspaper which spoke of "battered thunder," and was asked by a contemporary if it had any affinity to "greased lightning," manifested some anger in explaining that muffled thunder was intended.

A trunk factory out West was lately superseded by a saloon. The old sign (it is reported) was retained by its new proprietor, who economically changed the T. to D.

"You must flatter or frighten," said M., "the interest or self-love of men. Men are asses or monkeys, who only jump for nuts or skip about in fear of the whip."

Joe Billings says that a large policy of life insurance doesn't exactly make a man's corpse smile at his widow, but helps amazingly to get another fellow to do it for him.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

I had been for some time ill of a low and lingering fever. My strength gradually wasted, but the senses of my life seemed to become more and more acute as my corporeal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery; and the soft and whispering scrow of my friends taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day toward evening the crisis took place. I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering—a rushing sound was in my ears; I saw around my couch immovable faces; they were bright and visionary, and without bodies.

There was light and solemnity, and I tried to move but could not. For a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me, and when it passed off all my recollections returned with the most perfect distinctness, but the power of motion had departed.

I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow, and the voice of my nurse said:

"He is dead."
I cannot describe what I felt at these words. I exerted my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but could not move even an eyelid. After a short pause my friend drew near, and sobbing and convulsed with grief, drew his hands over my face and closed my eyes.

The world was then darkened, but still I could hear, and feel and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed to be a corpse with the most appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out these wretches retired, and the degraded formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days a number of friends called to see me. I heard them in low accents speak of what I was, and more than one touched me with his fingers. On the third day some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured; I was lifted and laid in; my friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face.

When all who had particular interest in me had for a short time looked at me in the coffin, I heard them retire, and the undertaker's men placed the lid on the coffin and screwed it down. There were two or three of them present, one had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the one who was left behind begin to whistle as he turned the screw nails, but he checked himself and completed the work in silence.

I was then left alone; every one shunned the room. I knew, however, that I was not yet buried, and though dark and motionless, I had still hope, but this was not to be permitted long. The day of interment arrived—I felt the coffin lifted and borne away—I heard and felt it placed in the hearse. There was a crowd of people around; some persons spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move—I knew it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out; I felt myself carried on the shoulders of men, by the inequality of the motion. A pause ensued—I heard the cords of the coffin move; I felt it swing as dependent by them; it was lowered and rested on the bottom of the grave. The cords were dropped on the lid—I heard them fall. Dreadful was the exertion I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immovable.

Soon after a few handfuls of earth was thrown upon the coffin, then there was another pause, after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mould, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less; by a surging reverberation in the coffin, I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, and slapping the grave with the flat of the spade. This, too, ceased, then all was silent. I had no means of knowing the lapse of time, and the silence continued. This is death, thought I, and I am doomed to remain in the earth till the resurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solitude and care. In the contemplation of this hideous thought, I heard a low and under sound in the earth over me, and fancied that the worms and reptiles of death were coming—that the mole and the rat of the grave, would soon be upon me.

The sound continued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me, too soon? The hope was truly like light bursting through the gloom of death.

Communication.

Faith—A Fragment.

For the Fayetteville Observer.
Faith is commonly understood to be a divine conviction of spiritual realities, through which we discover those mysterious truths which encircle man within the limits of salvation. Whenever it works upon the heart according to its nature and design, it produces a progressive assimilation to the divine perfections, till lost in vision, the transforming change shall be carried on by the open gaze of Eternal Excellence. To trace the gradations of this powerful principle from its first spring in the soul, to its entire influence there, we shall find even in its effects in this life a vast subject for contemplation. Through faith, how do the low conceptions of the Infinite God expand into the most sublime realities! Whereas He was once barely acknowledged in the work of creation, He is now seen in the ways of His providence, and powerfully felt in the word of inspiration. Once He was as a man that hideth himself, often retiring behind the dark clouds of adversity, leaving the disconsolate soul to the sorrows of uncertainty and the variety of woe; now, by the constant light of His Spirit, He shines in all the ills of life and gives a firm support against the threatenings of the elements, or in the actual decease of nature.

Once the ranking passions of a demon haunted the breast, corroding, carving, drank up the spirits; now, not a jarring string moves in discordance to the sway of love, and every fear is hushed as the calm surface of a summer's sea. Once prodigal or vain associates delighted and earned mirth was called to fill the dread vacuity of time, now is hailed the society of a simple few whose breasts glow with the same celestial fire, or enclosed in the silent sweetness of retirement, he dwells in audience with the Deity. He looks no longer with admiration upon the glare of human greatness, or with contempt upon the dull scenes of humble life, the Uncreated Beauty hath stained the glory of the one, and given a godlike condescension to the other. He weighs the good and ill of life in a just balance, and considers them duly apportioned by the Wise Father to suit the states of all his dependents. He traces distinctly the lines between virtue and vice, truth and deceit, and places an impassable bar between the slightest differences. He glories in nothing save what will declare the honor of his God, and while he is raised to participate with Cherub before the Throne, he abases himself to the lowest of his species, and views all with that equal eye which would include them in the same gracious privileges and glorious inheritance with himself.

These, O! Faith, are some of thy truths, but thy votaries are few. Many profess to know thee, but few penetrate thy secret. The systematic divine as frequently mistakes thee as the fantastic visionary. Thou art revealed only to the poor and contrite in spirit, and as such tremble at the word of the Lord.

RUSTIC.

The French are displaying enormous activity in the arms manufactures of Saint Etienne, Tulle, Châtelleraux, and propose to turn out one thousand guns daily for several months to come. The whole number of armories in France can produce 500,000 rifles yearly. Two vast camps for drill are also to be formed at Lyons, each to contain about 50,000 men constantly.

Speaking of Beast Butler's candidature for the Governorship of Massachusetts, a paper of that State says: "Because the Fifth Congressional District has got him, like the small-pox, that is no reason why he should be spread all over Massachusetts."

Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad stock sold in Shelbyville the other day at 23 cents on the dollar.

Are Sunday Weddings Void?

From American Society.

There is no heard an eminent lawyer allege a few days since, no marriage legal which is celebrated on the Sabbath day. There are, no doubt, twenty thousand couples in this State alone for whom the marriage ceremony was performed on the Sabbath—many of them in the evening of that day. A note drawn and signed on the Sabbath is illegal, or any other legal agreements between parties. Marriage is a legal contract, which, if performed out of the legal time, necessarily must be void; and claiming this, the sons and daughters of a recently deceased millionaire mean to contest his will, because in that a large portion of his estate was willed to the children of their stepmother, who was wedded to their father on the Sabbath, in a church in the city of Rochester, New York. If the question is to be decided that such marriages are illegal, another long catalogue of vexatious suits will be brought into our courts by parties similarly related to the one above mentioned. The decision lately rendered by a learned Judge of our courts, that marriages of minors are illegal, and a divorce for such not necessary in order that they can separate and remarriage legally, since it was carried in to immediate practice by the parties for whom the decision was rendered, is proving baneful to society. The harm that this decision does to our social system is temporary truly, and if the entire marrying population but learn of this decision, the future will witness less elopements of young couples, and a less number of cases where guileful and designing men entice young ladies from home in order to wed them. That the ceremony of marriage performed for minors on any and all days of the week, or for a couple where one is minor and the other an adult, should be pronounced illegal and non-effective, is not strange. But in the face of long practised customs, that Sabbath day weddings are illegal will strike thousands with feelings akin to consternation. With all our laws and codes it is, indeed, strange that those legal enactments which most concern our personal welfare and happiness are least known and least understood by the general public, including our most intelligent people.

Any new story about Washington must be welcome, and a good one is told at a Republican meeting, in Alexandria, by a colored speaker, John Seaton, who, said in a rather personal debate: "That man Beckly has made a personal attack upon me, but I won't little myself to answer him. He minds me of a tale what my grandmother told me about old Gin'l Washington. The Gin'l was coming from church one day, and he saw a pretty little white thing in the road, and he shot at it. The thing shot back in its peculiar way, and Gin'l Washington had to bury his clothes. A man makes nothing by fighting with skunks."

A machine has now been perfected which may be applied to cooling the air of theaters, halls and public or private dwellings. One of these machines will either produce 200 pounds of ice per hour, or will furnish in the same of time 30,000 cubic feet of air, cooled to a temperature of 30 degrees Fahrenheit. It is probable that in a few years we will turn on from the same registers the cool air in summer and hot air in winter. The application of such an apparatus to the pipes of a heater would be extremely simple, and furnish just what we want when the heater is off duty.

A country newspaper tells of a beautiful, amiable, fascinating and very rich young lady in a village in the country who carefully conceals the knowledge of her wealth, wears cheap clothes and works in a milliner shop, waiting for an interesting young man to woo and win her "for herself alone." There will not be a milliner left in that village in three months.

A young Vermontor who served in the Vermont cavalry during the late war has just received ten thousand dollars in United States bonds from a citizen in Hagerstown, Md., for protecting that gentleman's property from spoliation after the battle of Antietam.

A Boston woman refused to permit her husband to go on a fishing excursion, because he was very apt to get drowned when he went upon the water, and, moreover, didn't know how to swim any more than a goose.